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01x14 - A Change of Heart

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01x14 - A Change of Heart

by **bunniefuu**

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[Brian walks into his office,followed by Cynthia, his assistant.]

Brian: I called my travel agent. He booked my in the bestressort in Bahamas.

Cynthia: Bahamas? What, is South Beach over?

Brian: No, Liberty send me there for our marketingretreat.

Cynthia: Oh, so this is all work and no play? Oh, I'lljust crack open the Spartacus guide.

Ryder: Hey. You got a minute?

Brian: Yeah, we're just planing my trip.

Ryder: You're better hold of. I'm sending Darren Chanceinstead. I need you for work home.

Cynthia: If you excuse me for a minute?

[Cynthia leaves the room. Ryder closes the door behindher]

Ryder: This is just the whole harassment thing is over.

Brian: Whatever happened to innocent until proven guilty?

Ryder: Look, the Liberty Air are very converative. Whatwould happen if they found out that their accountexecutive was involved in a g*y sex scandal?

Brian: You mean, they wouldn't mind a straight one?

Ryder: I also speak with legal. You're going to be seeinga rep from Human Resources; there's going to be anoutside investigation, followed by a tribunal with animpartial mediator.

Brian: When's the hanging?

Ryder: If I were you I would get myself a good lawyer.

[He solemnly walks out. Cynthia is about to walk back in,but then sees Brian turned to the wall, and thinks betterof it.]

[Liberty Diner. Mike shakes hishead.]

Michael: I told you not to f*ck him.

Brian: Do you ever notice that when your Mom's notserving us, the portions shrink by approximately onethird? I said 'fries'? Plural?

Michael: Are you listening to me?

Brian: Yeah, I shouldn't have f*cked him.

Ted: It's like Mr.Workshafter f*cking me.

Michael: Mr.Workshafter is, like, seventy-two.

Brian: [to Michael] Do you mind? I was trying to eat.

Ted: You know what I mean. You don't prey on the help.

Brian: I didn't prey on him. He want after me.

Michael: Let's go to the gym. You'll feel better when youwork out. [to Ted] You're coming?

Ted: No. Gym isn't the same without my workout buddy.

Brian: We're will be your workout buddies.

Ted: Emmett would let me get away with m*rder. You guyswill make me sweat.

Michael: So we're see you later in Woddy's then?

Ted: Woody's isn't the same without my beer buddy there,pointing out all the cute guys and spilling drinks allover me.

Brian: We'll spill drinks all over you.

Michael: You know Emmett can't commit to anything. A guy.A new conditioner.

Brian: He'll come, you will see. Thanks for lunch.

[See the Light. Two"members" stand and tell their story]

Marsha: So, there we are the other night. Jim and Isitting around, watching the game. I'm try to teach himFootball.

Jim: She is. Can you stand it? But I'm hopeless.

Marsha: Yeah, you are. But anyway we start points get,yet again when all of the sudden we're starting tolooking into each others eyes.

Jim: The next thing I know we were kissing, with tonguesand everything! Can you stand it?

[Emmett looks a little queasy, himself. The group cheersfor Jim and Marsha]

Marsha: And know... will you telling them, honey?

Jim: We're engaged. Can you stand it? Can you stand it?

Ty: You see the power of the work we're doing here? Don'tlet anyone tell you that it isn't possible -- that youcan't heal! I wanna hear success story from each ofeveryone of you! You can do it! You can do it! You can doit!

[Outside,Emmett is bundling up when Heather, the woman who satnext to him at the meeting, approaches him.]

Heather: Inspiring, isn't it? It gives us hope that wecan all change our lives.

Emmett: Yeah, give us all hope that one day we to can bea success story. God, I wish I was one.

Heather: Me too. I'm Heather.

Emmett: Emmett.

[Girl's got quite a grip on her.]

Emmett: Ou, nice firm handshake.

Heather: Sorry, I'm working on that. So, you're new here,huh?

Emmett: Yeah, a couple of weeks. You?

Heather: Six months.

Emmett: Is it helped?

Heather: I'm getting there. Well, it's a long road. See,I first lost the sight of the light back in college. Ifell in love with one of my sorority sisters, Gene. Itold how to play golf in my parents country club. Thenone night, it happened. We made love on the 18th Green.Oh, God, I still remember that hole! But then she engagedto a golf pro and moved to moved to North Carolina.

Emmett: Sorry.

Heather: When she left, I thought I would die. And Itried to get over it by goin' from women, to women. And Istarted to wonder, how I ended up in such darkness. Andthat's when I started to find my way back to the light.What about you?

Emmett: I made a promised to God.

Heather: I think he really hears us sometimes, you know?So, what do you say, you and me, we're goin' outsometimes?

Emmett: You mean, like, on a date? I don't know.

Heather: I thoughed you want to be a succes story.

Emmett: More than anything.

Heather: Well, then you must go for it. I pick you up ateight.

Emmett: Alright, it's great. Well, aren't I supposed topick you up?

Heather: Oh yeah, right!

[Dave's. Mike's reading comicbooks in bed when David walks into the bedroom wearingnothing but an apron. He's carrying a wok in one hand anda bottle of wine in the other.]

David: I whipped you up a little snack.

Michael: A little snack is a handful of Cap'n Crunch.

David: I was out of Cap'n Crunch. A little penne andsun-dried tomatoes. That's a white wine cream sauce.

Michael: Oh, it's hot. I burned my tongue!

David: Well, let me cool it down for ya.

[Mike's cell rings.]

David: That better not be who I think it is.

Michael: It's Ted.

Ted: Hey man, am I disturbing you? I'm lying in bed andwatching some porno video. It's terrible. These two guysare f*cking, and eating pasta at the same time, likeanyone would do that, right?

Michael: Uh-huh.

Ted: When Brian called. I think he's kind freaking out.

Michael: Fraking out?

Ted: Yeah. He want me to tell him as an accountant howlong he can stay without job.

Michael: What did you tell him?

Ted: At the way he spends? Two months, on tops.

Michael: What did he say?

Ted: He thanked my very much for being such a wonderfuland compassionate friend.

Michael: Oh my God, he is freaking out! I call you later.

Ted: Alright.

[Ted goes back to the porno, getting a few Kleenex inanticipation.]

David: What's the matter?

Michael: It's Brian. I got to call him.

[He's taking his cell phone away.]

Michael: David, you don't understand! He's gonna gobroke. He's gonna loose his job!

David: You don't understand. We're not going to have arelationship like Melanie and Lindsay.

Michael: Of course we're not! We're not lesbians.

David: I mean, there's only room in this house -- ourhouse, our bed, our life -- for you and me. Not you andme and Brian.

Michael: I know.

David: Promised me that you won't involve yourself in hisproblems. He's made his bed. He can get sued in it.

[Brian and Mel are having lunch.]

Mel: Let me get this straight: you f*ck up my life, youdestroy my relationship, and now you have thebreathtaking gall to ask me to represent you?

Brian: Yeah, and I'll pay you too.

Mel: Oh keep your money. From what I hear you, your goin'to need it.

Brian: Fine. h*m* Corporate America wins again.

Mel: Oh, please! You could hang a sign on your door thatsays, 'Blow Jobs -- Ten Cents,' and you'd still have itbetter than any woman or person of color because you're awhite man. Which still counts for something in thiscountry. OK, just for laughs, get me your version of thisstory.

Brian: He wanted it. I gave it to him.

Mel: Just how I wanted it: short but sweet.

Brian: It wasn't that short.

Mel: And where did this act of selfless generossity takeplace?

Brian: In my office and in my loft.

Mel: So, he couldn't have minded too much if he came backfor more. Go on.

Brian: Then he ask me to help him to get a promotion.

Mel: What did you tell him?

Brian: I told him he wasn't ready.

Mel: How did he take it?

Brian: How do you think? He felt, because we're both g*y,and we'd f*cked, that somehow he was entitled to a freeride. I didn't agree.

Mel: How many tricks do you have in a months?

Brian: Twenty? Thirty?

Mel: Jesus, what a life.

Brian: What does the number of guys I do have to do withit?

Mel: Well, for once the fact that you screw anything thatmoves is your finest quality and your best defense. Youdidn't have to abuse your position at work in order toget laid.

Brian: The f*ck Defense?

Mel: We've got to prove that when this kid didn't getwhat he wanted, he decided to get even.

Brian: Then you'll take this case?

Mel: Look, not that I give a sh*t about saving your a*s,but it might be amusing to have you indebted to me forthe rest of your life.

Debbie's. Debbie's foldinglaundry as "The Hustle" starts to play on theradio. She unfolds a shirt (the one with the drawing of arooster with the word "c*ck" printedunderneath), and whispers in time to the music, "Doit." Vic busts up. They both start bumping along tothe music. Justin stares at them in disbelief from thecouch, where he's doing his homework. Debbie and Vic arehaving, like, the best time. Justin -- trying not to grinat them dancing around the kitchen]

Justin: Do you mind?

Vic: What's the matter, princess?

Justin: I'm trying to do my homework?

Debbie: Well, you excuse us!

[Mike walks in, and his mother greets himenthusiastically, while still two-stepping around thekitchen.]

Michael: [to Justin] What are they doin'?

Justin: Reliving their youth? You people are sooo weird!

Michael: When you don't like it why you just go to yourroom? Oh, let me re-phrase that, my room!

Debbie: Would you go leave him already?

Vic: Yeah, Mikey. You're a doctor's wife, now.

Debbie: Yeah, right. And to think I used to worry thatyou'd spend the rest of your life following after --

what's his name?

Michael: Would you leave Brian out of this? He's gotenough sh*t to deal with it.

Justin: What kind of sh*t?

Michael: Some guy at work sue him for sexual harrasment.It's really serious. He could loose everything.

Debbie: I knew someday he'd stick his d*ck where itdidn't belong.

Justin: We're got to do something.

Debbie: Sunshine, there are some thing you can't doanything.

Vic: I'm afraid Brian's f*cked the last person he shouldhave -- himself.

Debbie: I'm sorry honey.

Justin: You're his best friend. You should do something.I would do something, if I could.

Michael: Just mind your own business.

[Michael take up the phone and calls David.]

Michael: Dr.Cameron, please. It's Michael. Hey. Listen, Iknow we had plans tonight but my mom's got this ... she'snot feeling much, she's got this... flue fever cold ofeverything. Yeah, and I thoughed I stick around and keepher company.

[Brian's office. Brian's packingup some stuff when there's a knock at the door. He looksup.]

Brian: f*ck you.

Kip: Look, I just want you to know that I'm really sorryabout all this...

Brian: Really? This makes me feel a lot better.

Kip: I had no choice. If I didn't do what you wanted, youwould have fired me.

Brian: No, you just tried to get ahead by giving head.Which, by the way, you're not very good at.

Kip: We obviously remember things quite differently.

Brian: [yells] Yeah! I remember what happened!

Kip: If I could propose something. I'm be more thanwilling to forget the whole thing when you say your sorryand re-consider me for this position.

Brian: You know you have a real talent for propossitions.

Kip: Would you mind not standing so close?

Brian: Why, do you think something might happen? Like Imight use my position of power to take

advantage of yourtight little as*h*le?!

[Kip cries out in shock. Brian plops down on his desk,but when Kip just tries to get up, Brian pulls him backand snarls into his ear.]

Brian: Get. Out. Of my office.

[Later that night, Ted and Melhave just finished seeing a movie. As they walk out ofthe theater, Mel's crying and wiping her eyes with atissue.]

Ted: You know, I never realized, until seeing it withyou, that A Night at the Opera was such a tragic movie.

Mel: I'm sorry, it's just that last Halloween Lindsay wasdressed up as Groucho and was her Harpo.

Ted: Well, that explains everything.

Mel: Oh, God, nothing personal, but I just wish she washere.

Ted: I understand. Most of my dates wish they were withsomeone else.

Mel: Oh, don't say that. You are real catch.

Ted: I know. Just my luck that lesbians find meirresistible.

[Mel laughs through her tears and gives him a big hug.Over Mel's shoulder, Ted sees Emmett, arm in arm withHeather. Emmett looks like someone k*lled his dog, and hehasn't even seen Ted yet.]

Ted: Holy sh*t!

Mel: What, I got you all excited?

[Ted whips her around so that she can see the happypair.]

Mel: I don't believe it!

Emmett: Ted! Melanie. Hi. This is Heather, my date.

Mel: I'm sorry, I thouged you said...

Ted: He did.

Heather: We're goin' for pizza. Do you wanna double?

Mel: Double?

Emmett: [to Heather] Their not really a couple.

Ted: I'm a h*m*.

Mel: And I'm a lesbo!

Heather: Oh. I thought, from the hug, that you werenormal.

Mel: We are. What the hell has gotten into you?!

Ted: He's seen the light.

Mel: Where are they shining it, up your a*s?!

Heather: See the Light is helping us built a happyheterosexual live.

Mel: Yeah, well, while you're at it, why don't you askthe Wizard for a brain?

Emmett: I'm so glad that we are amuses you.

Mel: Who's amused? I'm outraged.

Emmett: Listen Heather, they don't understand.

Mel: I understand you assholes are setting back the GayRights Movement about fifty years!

Heather: C'mon, Emmett. I don't think I care for yourfriends.

Ted: Emmett, wait. Can we at least get together sometime?

[Emmett hands Ted a pamphlet]

Emmett: Sure. If you ever want see the light, come ourmeeting.

[Brian's. Brian opens the door,and there's Mikey, with all the junk food he can carry:Pizza, KFC, brown paper bags.]

Michael: I thoughed you might been hungry.

Brian: A little? Do you know what we'd turn into if weate all that?

Michael: A couple of fat, flabby f*gs that no one wouldwant to f*ck, ever?

Brian: Huh. Let's dig in.

[Later,they're sitting on the floor, finishing up the feast]

Brian: Do you know what I remember most about highschool?

Michael: The time in Biology class when you beat off intoa test tube for your science project?

Brian: No, food. It was always lots of food in yourhouse.

Michael: That's an Italian thing. And there was alwaysplenty of booze at your house.

Brian: That's an Irish thing.

[Mike picks up Brian's clipboard]

Michael: What's this? "Reality Checklist."

Brian: Yeah, I'm thinking of simplfy my life.

Michael: "Clotches". You can certainly savemoney on clotches. "Cosmetics."

Brian: Yeah, the French anti-aging sh*t costs a hundreddollars a tube, and I still don't look nineteen.

Michael: "Going out."

Brian: Yeah, I figured that I can probably survivehitting the clubs five times a week instead of six.

Michael: I don't know. It's a really big sacrifice."Loft."

Brian: What do I need all this big expensive space foranyway?

Michael: This is your home. Maybe I come to that.

[He crawls over to Brian and gives him a hug.]

Brian: If you does I just get a rich sugar daddy like theDoc.

Michael: He's not my sugar daddy. If I'm not careful he'snot even my boyfriend.

Brian: What? Trouble in paradise?

Michael: [whispers in Brian's ear] He doesn't know thatI'm here(!)

Brian: You're lying to him already? What, does he thinkI'm going to steal you away from him?

Michael: Last chicken leg. You're the chicken hawk.

Brian: I didn't do what they say. I guess you know that.

Michael: You don't need to explain. Hey, you know what Iremember? Senior year - we're gonna be in that band. Youwere going to be the next Robert Smith.

Brian: Yeah, well that dreamed out real fast.

Michael: We were damn good. Hey, do you still have thatguitar?

[Debbie's. David walks up to thedoor with a big Tupperware bowl of soup.]

Debbie: Hey David.

Vic: Speaking of great chests.

Debbie: Were is Michael?

David: Here. He's here, isn't he?

Debbie: I didn't see him.

David: Well he called and said that you were sick.

Debbie: He did?

David: And he said that he was spending the night here totake care of you. So I thoughed I bring some chickensoup.

Debbie: Oh, that is so thoughful. And just what thedoctor ordered. Hey, you're the doctor.

David: So, you're not sick?

Debbie: Well, that sound disappointed.

Vic: She has a skretchy throat back of winter '86.

[Woody's. Mike and Brian havefound not one guitar, but two, and having a blast onstage. He and Mike are drinking straight out of a bottleof Absolut, falling all over the stage, and wailing asong the lyrics.]

Michael/Brian:

Just because you love

Doesn't mean I can't have my way

Just because I'm leaving

Don't mean I don't want to stay.

[The crowd at Woody's loves it. David walks in, glares atthem in disgust and consternation, and stomps out. Theydon't see him.]

[The next morning, Brian'srecovering on his couch while Mel tries to go overpotential questions he might be asked at the

hearing.]

Mel: OK, let's go over the question are they goin' to askyou at the hearing.

Brian: Now?

Mel: If you prefer we can wait until they booth your buttout. Yes, now! Christ you ask me to represent you.

Brian: OK. Fine, fire away. But. Gently.

[On cue, Justin turns on the blender.]

Brian: I said gently.

Mel: [screams] Justin, please!

Justin: Sorry.

[He brings over some horrific-looking green goo for Brianto drink.]

Justin: Here, drink this. It's a secret recipe that myalcoholic grandmother used to make.

Brian: Jesus, it smells like a dirty jockstrap.

Mel: Well, in that case, you should like it.

[Justin laughs.]

Brian: The secret is, she pissed in it.

Justin: I just trying to help you. You know I do anything.

Mel: Oh Jesus. Let's just pray the arbitrator's g*y and thinks he's cute.

[All of a sudden the loft door opens. It's Lindsay, with Gus. He's wearing a long pointy elf cap and sweater in this rainbow knit, and he's all wide-eyed and giggly. Mel and Lindsay stare at each other in shock.]

Lindsay: I'm sorry, I didn't know you...

Mel: It's okay, neither...

Lindsay: I come back later.

Mel: No, stay. I just helping Brian...

Lindsay: I know he told me. [to Gus] Look, who's here honey.

[Mel hugs and kisses Gus]

Mel: Hey, sweetheart.

Lindsay: He misses you.

Mel: Look, why we don't go over this later?

Lindsay: You don't have to rush off because of me.

Mel: I have to go to work.

[Brian hands the blender cup back to Justin]

Brian: Did you get this sh*t away from me?

Justin: [to Linds] It's my grandmother's receipe. He's totally hung.

Brian: For once, he's not talking about my c*ck.

[Gus starts to fuss, and Brian grins]

Brian: Don't worry, sonny boy. Your old man will recover.

Lindsay: He not crying over you. He misses Melanie.

Brian: Well, you just had your chance; why didn't you beg her to come back?

Lindsay: Excuse me? She's the one who cheated it.

Brian: Maybe she had a reason.

Lindsay: Now you're taking her side. Huh. That's amusing.After all the years you spent hating her, humiliating her, trying to force her out of our lives, every chance you got -- well, congratulations. You finally got what you wanted.

Brian: Yeah that's right, blame me. Why not? Everybody else does. Maybe you got what you wanted.

Lindsay: Look, I have to go back to work, sooner than I thoughed. Which means I need a sitter.

Justin: I'll do it. I'm great with Gus.

Lindsay: Oh, I'm sure. Only I need someone full-time.

Brian: Justin, get my checkbook.

Lindsay: Are you sure? I mean what's goin' on?

Brian: It's not a problem. I said that I'd look after you and Gus, and I am.

[He writes the check, hands it to her, and gives her a big hug and kiss.]

Brian: I know I smell bad. It's vodka.
[David's. David stomps down the stairs, much to the dismay of a very hung Michael, who's also trying to recover on the couch.]

David: Is something wrong?

Michael: No, not at all. Could you just keep theelephants from running up and down the stairs?

[David slams the hall door.]

David: Excuse me?

Michael: Nothing.

David: You got at three last night.

Michael: I did?

David: Your mother must be really sick.

Michael: Yeah, you know all those flue cov...

David: ...fever cold kind of things? Michael, I know shewasn't sick cause I was over there to find you.

Michael: Oh, sh*t!

David: And then I caught the late show at Woody's.

Michael: Double sh*t!

David: You know, you and Brian play so well together. Ofcourse, I shouldn't be surprised.

Michael: I told you Brian is goin' through a very toughtime right now.

David: Yeah, well, I told you something, too. So, if thisis the way it's going to be, you lying to me so you canbe with him, I think we better re-think things!

[Woody's. Mike's now gettingyelled at by his mother]

Debbie: What's the f*ck is the matter with you? Lying toDavid, telling him I was sick? I don't know what to say!

Vic: Now, that was the first!

Debbie: [to Vic] Shut up!

Michael: Alright I made a mistake.

Debbie: You're damn right you did. And you keep this up.You're not gonna blow it. You hear me?

Michael: I already said I was wrong. If you wanna torturesomebody, go to the S&M bar across the street.

Vic: What's with you guys anyway? This is supposed to bea 'g*y' bar, remember?

Ted: I saw Emmett last night with this woman. At leastthat's how she purported to represent herself.

Michael: He really is going straight.

Vic: And so are we. Straight to hell, according to them.

Justin: But doesn't he know that every psychologicalstudy done within the past twenty-five years emphaticallystates that a person's sexual orientation is determinedby the age of six -- sometimes even before birth. It'scompletely unalterable.

Debbie: You tell 'em, Sunshine! A leopard can't changehis stripes. Neither can a q*eer.

Vic: You know it's a nasty world out there. So, if Emmettdoesn't have the guts to be g*y, I say f*ck him.

Ted: But he's still a friend. I just can't let him gothat easy.

[And in walks Kip. Justin recognizes him instantly. He'sreally got to stop letting his mouth hang open like that,though. Justin walks over, leans on the bar]

Justin: Haven't I seen you before?

Kip: That's original. And the answer is, no I don't thinkso.

Justin: No, it was the other night in Babylon. I rememberyou.

Kip: Well, I don't remember you.

[And he walks out.]

[Dave's office. Brian's on thediagnostic table, blowing smoke rings. Dave walks in andbarely acknowledges his presence.]

Brian: Working late, Doc?

David: I do some paperwork. So, I hear you have aproblem.

Brian: Yeah. I've got this pain in my a*s.

David: Maybe it's an over-exertion.

Brian: Maybe it's you.

David: So, how can I alleviate your condition?

Brian: You can lay off Mikey.

David: Well my prescription for that would be that youlet you my own business.

Brian: He is my business. And he's going to be mybusiness long after you're gone.

David: I'm not goin' anywhere. Although I did hear thatyou may be on your way out.

Brian: Where told your that?

David: Practically everyone. Although that's not ourconcern.

Brian: Your better half thinks differently.

David: I told my 'better half' to stay out of it.

Brian: By forbidding him to see me. You know, that's nothow you're going to keep him. That's how you're going tolose him.

[David slams a folder closed. Brian stretches]

Brian: You know doc, you are good. That pain I was havingis feeling better already.

[Before he leaves, Brian makes sure that he properlydisposes of his cigarette by dropping it into

David'scoffee.]

[Emmett at home, but not alone.Emmett and Heather are cross-legged on the couch, facingeach other, while Roberta Flack and Peabo Bryson croon,"Tonight I Celebrate My Love." They screw theireyes closed and move in for a kiss; Emmett misses by amile, and Heather has to guide him back to her mouth.]

Heather: Feel anything?

Emmett: Numb, tingling sensation but then I realized mylegs are asleep. How about you?

Heather: A queasiness in my stomach? Like when you eat abad clam. Look we don't have to do this.

Emmett: No! I want a success story.

Heather: So do I!

Emmett: Maybe we fantasized. You think about the perfectman, and I'll think about the perfect woman.

Heather: It's a crutch, but if it helps us walk...

[As Emmett and Heather move in again, Emmett fantasizesthat a beautiful naked woman is standing in the doorwaybehind Heather's head. Heather fantasizes that a gorgeousnaked man is standing in the doorway behind Emmett'shead. The fantasizing sort of seems to be working. Emmettand Heather pull away from each other.]

Emmett: Well?

Heather: Keep trying.

[They kiss again, and this time, Heather fantasizes thatthe beautiful woman is behind Emmett's head. And then thebeautiful woman is in front of her, where Emmett used tobe, and they lean in for a kiss. On Emmett's end,Heather's been replaced by the gorgeous man. The camerakeeps cutting back between Emmett kissing his fantasy,and Heather kissing hers, and finally to the two of themkissing enthusiastically, with their fantasies standingin doorways behind them, bathed in red light.]

Emmett: And?

Heather: I'm starting to feel something.

Emmett: Me, too.

[And they attack each other on the couch, and then attacktheir fantasies on the couch]

[The alley behind Babylon. Kipwalks through]

Justin: Hey.

Kip: Oh, it's you again. You don't give up easily, doyou?

Justin: Do you want me to?

Kip: Did we really seen before?

Justin: Sure, I think about that guy, Brian.

Kip: How do you now him?

Justin: Everybody knows Brian Kinney. He's a realasshole.

Kip: Oh, really?

Justin: Yeah. He's always coming onto you, acting like helikes you; really all he cares about is getting laid.

Kip: How do you know him? Did he break your heart?

Justin: f*ck, no! I'd never fall for his sh*t. Besides,he's not my type. Is he yours?

Kip: What, are you kidding? So...what is your type?

[Justin kisses Kip passionately, and then pulls away justfar enough for Kip to have to go in after him.]

[Emmett's bedroom. Emmett'smoving on top of Heather, making weird grunting noises.In his head, he's hearing Ty and the other Lighterschant, "You can do it. You can do it. You can doit!" Heather's sort of lying there -- not looking athim, not touching him, and hoping that it will be allover soon. Emmett finally rolls off her, and there theyare, both naked as jaybirds. They hurriedly pull thecovers up.]

Heather: So, how was it for you?

Emmett: You know, I didn't hate it.

Heather: Oh?

Emmett: You?

Heather: It wasn't nearly as disgusting as I thought itwas going to be.

Emmett: The fantasies really helped.

Heather: Who was yours?

Emmett: Jodie Foster in Anna and the King. You?

Heather: Matthew McConaughey in A Time to k*ll.

Emmett: Too bad we didn't use Contact. We could have beenin the same movie.

Heather: Well, we have our success story!

Emmett: Yay, us!

[Kip's. Kip and Justin aregetting it on. As Kip licks his nipple ring.]

Kip: Your hot little f*ck.

Justin: You're hotter yourself.

Kip: Oh yeah.

Justin: Go on, lick it. You're hotter than the guy I hadlast week. He wanted to put me in short pants and spankme.

Kip: I wanna much more than that. I wanna show you.

[Justin pulls off the couch to give him a blow job.]

Justin: Better hurry up.

Kip: What's the rush?

Justin: I've got a stupid curfew, can you believe it? Myparents want me home by midnight.

Kip: You live with your parents?

Justin: Where else would I live? I'm seventeen.

Kip: Seventeen? So, how do you get into the bar?

Justin: Fake ID? I don't tell my dad, though. Like, hegoes totally psycho. Like he did when he found out I wasgay.

Kip: Your dad went psycho?

Justin: He went after the f*ck I was f*cking and turnedhim into the police.

Kip: The police?

Justin: He'll be out in ten years.

[Still undeterred, Kip goes back to the blow job.]

Justin: If he knew I was here!

Kip: How would he know?

Justin: Oh, there's no way. Unless I told him.

Kip: But, you wouldn't do that, would you?

Justin: Of course not. I would never do that, providedyou do something for me.

[The deposition. Mel and Briansit next to each other at a huge table. No one else hasshown up yet.]

Mel: Remember, let me do the talking.

Brian: Yeah, you always do.

Mel: And when the investigator from HR ask you somethingconfer with me first.

Brian: I got it! Listen, however this plays out, thanks.You didn't have to help me; you could have just said'f*ck you.'

Mel: I know.

[Ryder comes in]

Ryder: Hey you are. I was looking for ya.

Brian: This is Mr.Ryder, my boss. This is Melanie Marcus,my attorney.

Ryder: Nice to meet you. Look, Liberty Air just award anew route to La Guardia. They're competing with majorairlines in Northeast.

Brian: So?

Ryder: So, they wanna go national with your campaigne.Your got a lot of work to do.

Mel: What about the hearing?

Ryder: Forget about the hearing -- that matter's beendropped.

Mel: Dropped?

Brian: What happened?

Ryder: Damned if I know, and who the hell cares? Be in myoffice in five minutes.

[Mel plops back down in her seat]

Mel: Un-f*cking-believable! Jesus, what are you, Mr.Teflon? sh*t just never sticks to you!

[The next See the Light meeting.Ty, standing with Emmett and Heather, invites Emmett tojoin their bowling league.]

Ty: You know. It's just the guys.

[Emmett sees Mike and Ted at the entrance and walks over.Mike's way uncomfortable]

Michael: Maybe we should go.

Emmett: Well, this is a surprise. Welcome to See theLight.

Michael: With the way some of these people are dressed,they should change it to 'Turn off the Light.'

Emmett: So, what is this -- some, like, intervention?You're going to kidnap me and throw me in the back of avan? I'm telling you right now, I'm not getting in theback of any van.

Michael: There is no van.

Emmett: I don't get a van? I'd think, at the very least,you could rent a van.

Ted: It's just us, okay? And we came here...I don't knowwhy the f*ck we came here, but we tried talking to you,we tried reasoning with you --

Michael: We sent a porn star.

Ted: A thousand dollars.

Michael: That's okay, just let it go.

Ty: C'mon everyone. Let's form a "Circle ofLight".

Ted: We wanted to let you know that we still love you.Maybe not as much as Jesus. But almost. And we're gonnato miss you.

Michael: Especially the way you dance with your handsabove your head, and your Liza impersonation. That's theway I'll always remember you.

Emmett: Thanks. But I don't think God appreciates itquite as much as you do.

Ted: I think God appreciates it even more. Because hecreated you in His image. At least, that's what I wasalways taught. And since God is love, and God doesn'tmake any mistakes, then you must be exactly the way Hewants you to be. The way He intended you to be. That goesfor every person, every planet, every mountain, everygrain of sand, every song. Every tear. And every f*gg*t.We're all His, Emmett. He loves us all.

[Heather, sitting nearby, got every word, and looks likeshe's going to cry. Mike tries to kiss Emmett goodbye,but Emmett stiffly turns his cheek. Mike kisses itanyway, and hugs him. Ted's also close to tears as Mikeleads him out.]

Ty: We're about to get start it. Come into our circle oflight, hmm? We like to start every meeting with a successstory. And tonight I just feel that Emmett and Heatherhave a success story, don't ya?

[Mike at David's living-roomtable. He's putting some of his comics in plasticsleeves.]

David: You've got to be pretty careful with those, huh?

Michael: Yeah, their pretty valuable. So you gottaprotect them from the light. You must be still mad at me,hmm?

David: No. I'm not mad at you.

Michael: Well, I want you to know that I'm sorry that Ilied.

David: I'm sorry to. Sometimes I guess I just get alittle worked up over, uh --

Michael: Brian?

David: Over Brian.

Michael: I've known him practically my entire life. Ican't just stop seeing him.

David: You shouldn't have to. You should feel free to seewhomever you want to see. After all, this is arelationship -- it's not a maximum-security lockup.

[Mike kisses him.]

David: So are you and Brian getting the band backtogether?

Michael: No, I think the Backstreet Boys have usurped ourformer glory.

David: Hey, you wanna go out tonight?

Michael: Sure.

David: Well, you go.

Michael: But what about you?

David: No, I'm not in the mood. I'll stay here. But yougo, you dance, you t*rture all those boys with yoursculpted torso and then you come home to me.

Michael: I think I have a better idea.

[He goes to the radio, turns it on, and starts to gyratearound David.]

[Babylon! Tonight's specialty --water pouring down on naked go-go dancers in plasticbooths. At the bar, Ted and Mel sulk together.]

Mel: A Cosmopolitan. How... cosmopolitan.

Ted: Emmett used to say, 'In Pittsburgh, it's as close asyou can get.'

Mel: I know how much you are goin' to miss him.

Ted: Actually, you don't. But thanks for the sentiment.

Mel: How about to dance?

Ted: It would just remind me of him.

Mel: Another drink?

Ted: I'll start to cry.

[On the dance floor, Brian and Justin get down. Brianpicks up Justin's shirt off the ground and hands it tohim.]

Brian: Your loosing your shirt.

Justin: You almost lost yours.

Brian: Yeah, I still have no idea why he dropped the sue.

Justin: It's a mystery.

Brian: I guess I'll have to be more careful who I f*ck.

Justin: Lucky for you, I turn eighteen tomorrow.

Brian: What do you want for your birthday?

[Back at the bar.]

Mel: What about a nice stiff d*ck?

Ted: Now you're starting to sound like him. I rememberhow he always used to say, 'It's just not sex...

Emmett: Without something up your butt.

[And there'sEmmett, leaning on the bar on the other side of Mel,sipping a Cosmopolitan. Heather's with him, cowboy-hattedand shaking her booty to beat the band.]

Ted: Oh, now you've come to Babylon to proselytize.

[Emmett, wearing a skin-tight t-shirt with Asian designsall over it.]

Emmett: That's not why we're there.

Heather: We've seen the light.

Mel and Ted: We know.

Emmett: A different light.

Mel: What about your success story?

Emmett: Oh, we have a success story, all right.

Heather: We're shared with the group.

Emmett: We told them some of us are meant to eat p*ssy.And some of us are meant to suck c*ck. But either way,God loves us.

Heather: They agreed that God loves us.

Emmett: Uh huh. And then they told us to get the f*ck.

[He and Heather bust up laughing.]

Ted: [skeptically] So, you're really back?

[Emmett snaps his fingers over his head]

Emmett: Honey, my flame has been rekindled and is burningbrighter than ever.

[He kisses Mel on the top of her head. Ted, about to cry,again, gives Emmett a big hug. Emmett spills his drinkall over him. Just like old times. Heather grabs Mel'shand and leads her to the dance floor. Emmett takes a sipof his Cosmopolitan, and then he and Ted also take thefloor. In the middle of the swirling bouncing bodies.]

Emmett: Do you feel that g*y thump-thump? God, how Imissed that!

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